

# CHARITON COURIER

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KEYTESVILLE, - MISSOURI.

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A telegram dated Friday last reports estimates of 20 to 30 per cent damage to the fruit crops of Oklahoma.

MISSOURI'S law makers have adjourned, which may in part account for the beautiful weather of the present week.

MISSOURI teachers ought to be up to date, with state normal schools located at Kirksville, Warrensburg, Cape Girardeau, Springfield, Maryville and Chillicothe.

Here is a poetic, prayerful sentiment from Charles Wesley that ought to be helpful to any reader:

"Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love."

THE visit of Herbert White here at his old home this week is a reminder that he is one of the many boys of our city who have made good when they have identified themselves with firms doing big business in the large cities. He is making good as traveling representative of Rosenwald & Weil, a large Chicago clothing firm. Missourians usually succeed wherever they cast their lot.

THE county unit bill on local option passed the Missouri house last week, 74 voting in favor of it after a hot contest. It does not allow cities of 2,500 to vote separately on local option as heretofore. A kind of companion bill to make each city precinct a local option unit was defeated. The county unit bill is right, for if a majority of the people in a county desire local option they should not have wet spots inflicted upon them in cities within the county having 2,500 population, or any other population for that matter. In the senate this bill has been referred to a committee, and it is probable it will not be acted upon at all; or, if action be recommended, it will be that the bill do not pass. So the measure may be regarded as dead for the time being. LATER.—No action was taken in the senate before final adjournment other than the reference stated above.

## STATE HOUSE ELECTION.

MISSOURI can have a new state house at Jefferson City that will cost 3½ million dollars, or one that will cost five millions. To build the cheaper house will cost the people 2 cents on the \$100 assessment each year for 13 years. The higher priced state house will cost the same rate for 30 years. A special election will be held August 1, 1911, to vote as to whether the 3½ million house shall be constructed. A two-thirds vote will be necessary to carry the proposition. Failure to carry it will delay another vote until the November, 1912, election, when only a majority will be necessary to carry the 5 million election. So the question is—Shall the vote be to pay 2 cents on the \$100 assessment for 13 years, deciding on the first of August, or shall 2 cents on the \$100 be paid for 30 years by a majority vote of the people in 1912? The Courier is not disposed to be niggardly, but we think 3½ millions of dollars should put up a pretty respectable state house—one that no Missourian need be ashamed of. Any reader desirous of expressing himself in these columns is invited to do so.

### For Rent.

A cottage near main street, four rooms, good repair, good spring water, good neighbors.

## COURIER POINTS.

Men with light thoughts don't weigh them.

Being defeated don't always drive men to drink. Bryan is out for temperance.

One day in a wise man's life is worth more than the whole lifetime of a fool.

Some people wonder what good it does live people to learn the dead languages.

We are in this world not to be burdens to others but help bear the burdens of others.

Success comes not by attempting the best of our ability that which is in our ability to do.

A mule hitched to a buggy looks almost as unnatural as an old widower arming a girl of 16.

To speak without thinking is about as ineffective as firing at a mark when one's eyes are shut.

Holding a conversation and holding a girl on your lap are about one and the same thing.

It is a little curious that looking at the face of some girls don't give young men painter's colic.

The wisdom of the world has always come from that class of people who don't fear being called fools.

A woman may carry a ton of false hair on her head, but a man who wears a wig is the joke of the neighborhood.

The man that cherishes an unforgiving spirit receives far more harm than the person whom he refuses to forgive.

Some of us are such fools it is a wonder the Lord lets us live, but probably there is some necessity for horrible examples.

The ordinary man with family cares on his shoulders looks with an envious eye on every old bachelor and widower he meets.

Many a man who thinks he is the big noise is really making about as much commotion as a tin whistle with the reed broken out.

My! it must be terrible to be so cheap to have to borrow your neighbor's paper 52 times a year to read. Awful to think about.

Scientists say it is impossible to live without brains, which explains why people with little sense are always dead ones.

Eastern yeastmakers are said to be dissatisfied with their salaries. It would seem as if they ought to get a raise.

In the light of recent court proceedings, an old motto may have to be revised to read: "What is home without a divorce suit?"

The average married woman, deep down in her heart, believes in the theory that we get our punishment for our sins in this world.

Doctors say you will spoil your wife's appearance if you keep jabbing her. This is especially true if she uses pneumatic upholstery.

The papers tell of a New York hen that laid an egg while flying in the air. They must have in vigorizing atmosphere out that way.

We are not much ahead of our early ancestors. A mummy has been found of a woman who died of appendicitis 7,000 years ago.

The failure of the affinity business again shows that man usually fails when he sets out to improve upon the ideas of the Creator.

The best way to convince another that he is wrong is by doing good. One pound of good example is worth a whole ton of argument.

The simple word "hash" covers a multitude of things we know nothing about and assures us that when ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

We can not get away from the fact that life is a service. The question each has to decide is: Whom shall I serve and what service shall I render?

hotel as quickly as possible. I may need you word. If I don't, I shall understand you've taken the first morning train for Darjeeling. I think that's all."

As Amber left the room Labertouche extinguished the lamp, shut and locked the door, and followed, catching Amber by the arm and guiding him through pitch darkness to the head of the stairs. "Don't talk," he whispered; "trust me." They descended an interminable flight of steps, passed down a long, echoing corridor, and again descended. From the foot of the second flight Labertouche shunted Amber round through what seemed a veritable mass of passages—in which, however, he was evidently at home. At length: "Now go ahead!" was breathed in Amber's ear and at the same time his arm was released.

He obeyed blindly, stumbling down a reeking corridor, and in a minute more, to his unutterable relief, was in the open air of the banar.

Blinking with the abrupt transition from absolute night to garish light, he skulked in the shadow of the doorway, waiting. Beneath his gaze



A Comprehensive Collection of Specimens of Every Tribe.

Calcutta paraded its congress of people—a comprehensive collection of specimens of every tribe in Hindustan and of nearly every other race in the world besides.

Like a fat, tawdry moth in his garments of soiled pink, a babu loitered past, with never a sidelong glance for the leafless figure in the shadowed doorway; and the latter seemed himself absorbed in the family of Eurasians who were shuffling quabbling with the keeper of vegetable stall adjacent. But presently he warbled of their noise, yawned, thrust both hands deep in his pockets and stumbled away. The babu accepted him as a brother, unquestoning, and he picked his way through it with an ease that argued nothing but absolute familiarity with his surroundings. But always you may be sure, he had the gleam of pink satin in the corner of his eye.

In time broad Machua bazar street received them—Pink Satin and the salesman out for a night of it. And now Pink Satin began to stroll more sedately, manifesting a livelier interest in the sights of the wayside. Amber's impatience—for he guessed that they neared the goldsmith's stall—increased prodigiously.

Without warning, Pink Satin pulled up, extracted from the recesses of his costume a long, black and vindictive-looking native cigar, and lighted it, thoughtfully exhaling the smoke through his nose while he stared covetously at the display of a slipper-merchant whose stand was over across from the stall of a goldsmith.

With true oriental deliberation Pink Satin finally made up his mind to move on; and Amber lurched heavily into the premises occupied by one Dhola Bahak, a goldsmith.

A customer, a slim, handsome Malayan youth, for the moment held the attention of the proprietor. The two were bargaining with characteristic enjoyment over a transaction which seemed to involve less than twenty rupees. Amber waited, knowing that patience must be his portion until the bargain should be struck. Dhola Bahak himself, a lean, sharp-featured Maharratta gray with age, appraised with a single look the new customer, and returned his interest to the Malay. But Amber garnered from that glance a sensation of recognition. He wondered dimly, why; could the goldsmith have been warned of his coming?

Two or three more putative customers lapsed into the shop. Beyond its threshold the stream of native life rolled on, colorfully fluent; a pageant of the middle ages had been no more fantastic and unreal to western eyes. New and again a wayfarer paused, his interest attracted by the goldsmith's flash of business.

Unexpectedly the proprietor made a substantial concession. Money passed upon the instant, sealing the bargain. The Malay rose to go. Dhola Bahak lifted a stony stare to Amber.

"Your pleasure, sahib?" he inquired, with a thinly-veiled sneer. What need to show deference to a down-at-the-heel sallow from the part?

"I want money—I want to borrow," said Amber promptly.

"On your word, sahib?"

"On security."

"What manner of security can you offer?"

"A ring—an emerald ring."

Dhola Bahak shrugged. His eyes shifted from Amber to the emerald ring on his finger. "I am a poor man," he said, "but I have a little money. Come to me on the morrow, then, and I may help you."

"Thank you, sahib," said Amber, and he turned and went. "A ring—an emerald ring," he thought, "but I have no money to buy it."

look, the money-lender rose. "Come, then," he grumbled, "if you must."

A voice cried out behind Amber—"Weh!"—more a squeal than a cry. Instinctively, as at a signal of danger, he leaped aside. Simultaneously something like a beam of light sped past his head. The goldsmith uttered a dreadful, choking scream, and went to his knees. For an instant he lay there, his head buried in his hands, his face ghastly, his thin old hands clasped at the handle of a broadsword which had transfixed his chest. Then he tumbled forward on his face, bleeding.

There followed a single instant of suspense and horror, then a mad rush of feet as the street stamped into the shop. Voices clamored to the skies. Somehow the lights went out. Amber started to fight his way out. As he struggled on, making little headway through the press, a hand grasped his arm and drew him another way.

"Make haste, haseori!" cried the owner of the hand, in Hindustani. "Make haste, lest they seek to fasten this crime upon your head."

### CHAPTER X.

Maharana of Khandawar.

Both hand and voice might well have been Labertouche's; Amber believed they were. And the darkness rendered visual identification impossible. No shadow of doubt troubled him as he yielded to the urgent hand, and permitted himself to be dragged, more than led, through the reeking, milling mob, whose numbers seemed each instant augmented. He had thought, dully, to find it a difficult matter to worm through and escape, but somehow his guide seemed to have little trouble.

Ever since that knife had flown past his cheek, his instinct of self-preservation had been dominated by a serene confidence that Pink Satin was at hand to steer him in safety away from the brawl. He thanked his stars for Labertouche—for the hand that clasped his arm and the voice that spoke guardedly in his ear.

And then, by the light of the street, he discovered that his gratitude had been premature and misplaced. His guide had fallen a pace behind and was shouldering him along with almost frantic energy; but a glance aside showed Amber, in Labertouche's stead, a chunky little Gurkha in the fatigue uniform of his regiment of the British army of India. Pink Satin was nowhere in sight, and it was immediately apparent that an attempt to find him among the teeming hundreds before the goldsmith's stall would be as futile as foolish—if not fatal. Yet Amber's impulse was to wait, and he faltered—something which seemed to exasperate the Gurkha, who fairly danced with excitement and impatience.

"Hasten, haseori!" he cried. "Is this a time to loiter? Hasten ere they charge you with this spilling of blood. The gods lend wings to our feet this night!"

"But who are you?" demanded Amber.

"What matter is that? Is it not enough that I am here and well disposed toward you, that I risk my skin to save yours?" He cannoned suddenly against Amber, shunting him unceremoniously out of the bazar road and into a narrow black alley.

Simultaneously Amber heard a cry go up, shrill above the clamor of the mob, screaming that a white sailor had knifed the goldsmith. And he turned pale beneath his tan.

"You hear, haseori? They are naming you to the police-wallahs. Come!"

"You're right," Amber fell into a long, free stride that threatened quickly to distance the Gurkha's short, sturdy legs. "Yet why do you take this trouble for me?"

"Why ask?" panted the Gurkha. "Did I not stand behind you and see that you did not throw the knife? Am I a dog to stand by and see an innocent man yoked to a crime? He laughed shortly. "Am I a fool to forget how great is the generosity of kings? This way, haseori!"

"Why call me king?" Amber hurled a heap of oaths and picked up his pace again. "Yet you will find me generous, though but a sahib."

"The sahibs are very generous." Again the Gurkha laughed briefly and unpleasantly. "But this is no time for words. Save your breath, for now we must run."

He broke into a springy lunge, his chin up, elbows in and chest distended, his quick small feet stepping regally through the vicious mob of the unpaved byway.

By now the voice of the chase had subsided to a dull and distant muttering far behind them, and the way was clear. Beyond its age-old, ineradicable atmosphere of secret infamy there was nothing threatening in the aspect of the neighborhood. And the Gurkha pulled up, breathing like a wind-broken horse.

"Hastily, haseori!" he gasped. "There is time for rest."

Widely Amber dropped into a yawning stride, so nearly exhausted that his legs shook under him, and he reeled drunkenly; and, fighting for breath, they stumbled on, side by side, in the shadow of the overhanging walls, until as they neared a corner the Gurkha halted Amber with an imperative gesture.

"The police, sahib, the police!" he breathed, with an expressive sweep of his hand toward the cross street. "Let us wait here till they pass." And in evident panic he crowded Amber into the deep and gloomy rooms afforded by a door overhung by a balcony.

Taken off his guard, and with growing doubt, Amber was on the point of questioning. Why should the Gurkha choose to shelter him with police watchmen? They could not see him

## FREE DELIVERY OF MEATS TO ANY PART OF TOWN

The following grocery firms will deliver orders for meat where groceries are included;

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JOHN LEWIS,

MEAT MARKET.

Con Stewart of Brunswick was in Keytesville yesterday, and called to renew an acquaintance with the editor which begun in Indiana many years ago.

Local talent at Indian Grove will produce "The Iron Hand" Friday night, March 31, at Indian Grove hall. All are invited. Admission—adults, 25c; children 15c. The play is a good one and no doubt will draw a large crowd.

### W. G. White Paroled.

On last Tuesday Gov. Hadley paroled W. G. White. It will be remembered that White was sentenced to imprisonment, some eight years ago, for a term of 30 years for killing Charley Coleman of Keytesville in July, 1903. It White lives up to the conditions of his parole for a period of five years an absolute pardon may then be granted. His friends and relatives sincerely hope that he will avail himself of this opportunity to show his appreciation of their successful efforts for his temporary release through the clemency of the governor, and that he will strive to be as good a citizen as any man can be through proper endeavor. He returned here the first of the week and promptly went to work on a farm.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The COURIER is authorized to announce the following candidates for township office subject to the votes cast at the General election Tuesday, March 28, 1911

For Township Clerk and Ex-Officio Assessor:—

T. E. R. EWING,  
of Keytesville Township.

For Assessor and Clerk:—

JNO. R. CLOSSON  
of Keytesville Township.

For collector:—

CHAS. PARKER  
of Keytesville Township.

For Trustees of Township Board:—

A. D. HURT  
of Keytesville Township.

County Superintendent of Schools

C. C. CARLSTEAD

Subject to the action of the qualified voters at the annual school meeting April 4, 1911.

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Do you think it possible to get more for your dollar elsewhere? For a limited time every time you spend one dollar with us we will give you five cents back, in fact you buy a dollar's worth of goods and 95c pays the bill.

## DO THE FOLLOWING PRICES SEEM HIGH

Oyster shells, per 100	\$ .75
Ground coffee, per lb	
20c, 6 lbs for	1.00
Lewia Lye, 3 cans	.25
Navy bean, 4 lbs	.25
Evaporated Apricots	
2 lbs for	.25
Cocoa Castile soap	
7 cakes	.25
Pinyen Laundry	
scoop 6 bars for	.25
Stoneware any kind	
per gal	.72
Tinware, glassware, chinaware and gronitware at your own price	
Sewing machine oil, big bottle for	.05
Argo starch, 7 boxes	.25
Good wash boards	.15
Red onion sets, gal	.25
White onion sets, gal	.25

Get in while they last, when this stock is gone the price will be higher.

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Mrs. R. N. Emmerson,

R. F. D. 3 Keytesville, Mo.

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